

ARTISAN

A student literary magazine

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Peace College

Literary Magazine

Peace is not an institution.

It's a state of mind,

An advance of the soul and heart

And of ideals left behind.

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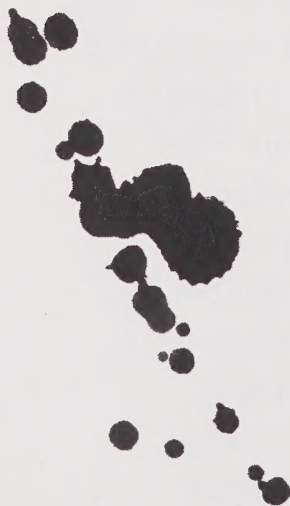
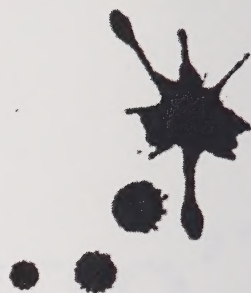
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MY GRAVEYARD GURU

Peals of laughter floated over the graveyard. After an hour of searching for the graves of two ancestors amid the thousands of graves at Oakwood Cemetery in Raleigh, we were about to give up hope. "They could be anywhere," my exasperated mom said. "They will probably be two little stones somewhere, all by themselves – kinda like those two right there," she said, randomly pointing at two stones underneath a huge magnolia tree. Sure enough, upon closer inspection, those were the gravestones of Willis Grandy and Sarah Elizabeth Ferebee, my 4th great aunt and uncle. She sang out and gave her laugh of discovery. My mom has a great deal of "luck" like that. While it's not fun when we play board games, it comes in handy during our genealogical excursions.

For as long as I can remember, Mom has been taking us on these trips. She enlists whoever is available as she goes around North Carolina with us in tow. Whether it's a trip to some brambled, overgrown graveyard, or sitting in a random library, "this graveyard guru" is determined not just to discover, but embrace our roots. This determination knows

no bounds, as far I can see. I can still remember as a young child warily crawling under a live electric fence, with my mom encouraging, "it's okay, honey. I did it! See, the graveyard's right over there! Just don't lift up." Well, sure enough, after not frying ourselves and dodging the "cow patties," we got the needed information. She did get a little worried about some "supposedly" stampeding cows, but that's one of the few times that I've seen her confidence waver.



Armed with her brown leather bag, sunglasses and the occasional straw hat pulled over her short brown hair, she comes prepared. Being the multi-tasking woman that she is, my mom often tries to

build such outings into our vacations. Some families have vacation pictures by the beach; we have ones of us grinning beside tombstones. It's all in good fun, of course. Rather than the typical sense of foreboding associated with graveyards, my mother has instilled in me a feeling of security and peace. The stillness of the grounds speaks of life rather than death. Each marker represents a person, someone who has laughed, had children, and lived. That's a wonderful gift for a parent to give a child.

Mom reels off stories and facts about this ancestor and that one as if she had known them. Her passion is infectious. When people listen to her stories, they want to start on their own family history, and you can be sure that mom is willing to offer advice. Now I too spend hours by her side at the archives looking through the soft light of the microfilm machine, all for the sake of possibly stumbling over that one name. Mom once noticed a bumper sticker that read, "Outta my way: Archives open at 9am." She fell in love with it. We still laugh over its accuracy and the fact that mom does have kindred spirits out there.

Now these genealogy trips are not all fun and games, mind you. While I enjoy the "thrill of the hunt" as much as mom, I do not enjoy obstacles such as bees, ticks, humidity, deer skulls, dogs, creepy old people, and eating in weird places. But I have also been taught the value of bravery, bug spray, family, and stepping out of your comfort zone through my mother. As she presses forward, I have begun to pick up my pace to keep up. You see, I want to be a graveyard guru, too.

Courtney Lynn Enzor
Winner of The Elizabeth Gibson Taylor Prose Award

In the Stars

They say that when your soul ascends up into the heavens you're given the chance to go back and revisit one day in your life, one day that you find most memorable. I am sad to say that this is true... and that it can in fact destroy your will to live again.

As I stood upon the golden stairs of heaven, I was asked to choose a day to go back to in my life. For me, it was hard to even think of a day which I would want to relive - Seeing as how I was only five years old when I died - but I chose the best, and worst day, of my life to go back and revisit. That was March 16, 1968, my 5th birthday ... and the day I died.

March 16, 1968 started out like any other day. I woke up and went downstairs to help mother with breakfast. She looked down at me sweetly and smiled.

Mother laid her hand upon my head and softly spoke in Vietnamese, the most beautiful language I've ever heard.

"Kai, run down to the market, find papa."

I nodded and smiled at my mother, not knowing that would be the last time I would ever see her. As I ran out the front door of our small, humble home momma yelled after me: "Happy Birthday, Kai."

I smiled happily as I ran towards the market, toward my papa.

As I came into the center of the market I heard sounds, bad sounds, but I ignored them. I ran over to my papa, who was buying a chicken. I looked up at my papa with wide eyes.

"Chicken? Why are you buying chicken, pa?" I questioned him in a teasing way.

Papa looked down at me and pushed my stringy black hair out of my face.

"For your birthday dinner tonight, Kai. I know you love chicken."

I smiled and gave my papa a hug around the waist. He took me by the hand and we turned to head towards home.

I heard the bad noises again. They were louder and they were mixed with sounds of panic, of distress, of fear. I looked up at papa.

"What's going on, papa?" I asked innocently.

Papa looked all around him. He took me by the hand and knelt down in the sand beside me.

"Kai, I want you to run as fast as you can back home to momma and get her out of the house. Then I want you to get out of town as quickly as you can. Don't take anything with you. Just leave. Ok?"

My eyes filled with tears, "Papa, is there something wrong?" He kissed me gently on the forehead. "Just run Kai, please?"

I nodded and hugged my papa tightly for the last time. He kissed me softly on the cheek before he stood up, and I began to run.

Down the road about a half a mile a large plot of grass to my right exploded and then I felt something sharp hit my arm. As I fell into the grass and I saw the blood falling from the wound on my arm. I don't remember starting

to cry, but I do remember how the tears stung against my skin. As I lay in the grass I heard loud voices speaking in a tongue I did not know.

The shadows of the four large men towered over me and they spoke quickly in their foreign language as they stared down at me. One of them men laughed as he raised his large black boot out of the soft grass and kicked me in the rib.

I stopped crying as I felt all the air being pushed out of my chest by his swift kick. I gasped faintly as another boot kicked me in the rib cage. Then the tears began to fall again. These four monsters stood above me kicking me around like a tin can and I could do nothing. Their laughter stopped and I heard a loud clicking sound. One of the men rolled me onto my stomach as another knelt on the center of my back. I felt something round and cold press up against the back of my skull. Then, I felt nothing.

I stared up at the being who was there to judge me with tears in my eyes.

"Please sir, don't send me back into that world." I sobbed quietly as the celestial being smiled and nodded, and my soul rose up to heaven, to be with my family once again, in the stars.

Sun VII

I

Lowers down.
The day is gone.
Just one more. . .

II

Up, down, it never ends.
Giving life to those who receive.
Its warmth never ends.
Close your eyes and just breathe.



III

Drip, drip, drip.
My skin bathed from its hot breath.
The trees,
My only refuge.
None to be seen.
I cannot escape.

IV

Colors across the sky.
Red, orange, pink, yellow, purple.
Lovers venture out.
The night is young.

V

He thought himself great.
In his palace Versailles.
His head held high.
Even for him, it does not wait.

VI

Summer,
Winter,
Autumn,
Spring.

VII

Queen of the sky,
Comes and goes as she pleases.
She looks down on her kingdom.
Punishment for those who aren't careful.
She retires,
Leaves her sister to watch the kingdom,
And rules over another.

Liz Alioto



PASSERS—BY

I was sitting there alone thinking--
I begin to hear footsteps behind me.
She passes by and never stops, nor notices me.
It is weird how people just pass us by in life.
I wonder if she ever saw me or thought about me?
Later on today I'll think about that random experience,
I'll wonder what she is doing at that exact moment
and if
life will ever give us another chance to be
passers-by.

Pamela Corbett

Life New Inside Her

Life new inside her,
small and unknowing.
Crying she is.
Mother,
Child,
now she is both.
Scared she seems.
Questions fly from her lips
and bounce off the ceiling.
Lying in the dark
alone feels she,
except for
Life new inside her.

Michelle Fitzgerald



what makes you love a black woman so?

What makes you love a black woman so,
as you analyze her coffee skin from head to toe?
Her eyes reveal her pride and joy,
her lips unfold her gracious forgiving soul.
Were you fond of her charming beauty and her
striking tones? Or was it the sway in her hips that
made you explore her most secret treasures?
Educated, sophisticated - her persona,
bold and in control.
I ask you again why you love her so.
Was it her diligence and dedication through
the child-rearing years or her vow to love,
to honor, til' death do her part?
But in the end her light
shined bright against the pain
she has encountered. . . letting every man
know she can prevail through any temptation.
Again: why do you love this black woman so?
The reasons may be as numerous as the sands
of the desert seas, but just between you and me,
a strong Black Woman is the thang to be.

Crystal Kinsey

I'm going to the Library

I'm going to the library to get a book today.
I wonder who is waiting to take me far away.
Will this book be a happy one
Or will it make me cry?
I only know that when I'm done--
I'll hate to say goodbye.
Each book is a new beginning,
A chance to live your dreams.
It's under the cover of a book
It's closer than it seems.

Tara Horne

Answers to a Silent Prayer

Strolling uphill.....not stopping, no loss of breath.

Wordless smiles on our faces as we take small, childlike steps.

Carefully you were chosen, to travel alongside of me for now.

I wasn't searching for your company, but stumbling alone He wouldn't allow.

We say it won't be simple, for people like us are so complex.

We surprise ourselves, only stubbing our toes, when scraping our knees
would usually come next.

My life, before you, seemed a journey I would venture alone.

Not visualizing a destination, nor ever sharing my heart's home.

Our hearts whistle tunes to the same off-beat songs.

It's a blessing we've started this walk together,

In the palm of your hand is where mine delicately belongs.

Brittany Strong

back in a place i left behind

Back in a place I left behind long ago,

Strangely comforting because it is so familiar.

An unwanted comfort, but it seems

Nothing else provides me with the same feeling.

A feeling of safety in the most dangerous place

I can be.

Something is holding me under - - I want to leave

But can't break free.

My desire is so strong, I cannot give in.

Too many years it took me to crawl out of the darkness.

I will not fall back despite my desire.

Kelly Anne Mahaffey



Sometimes My skin Gets Tight

Sometimes my skin gets tight,
My overbearing voice becomes silent.
What do we do in the morning?
We spend moments in ecstasy, but still confused.
My throat thickens at the sound of your name,
Our bodies fit like puzzle pieces.
What do we do in the morning?
One phone call leads us toward fantasy, still confused.

Sometimes I can feel your presence around me,
And it makes me ill.
All of my devotion, but the question still remains,
What do we do in the morning?
In the morning, will you see all the night's passions fading?
In the morning, will you declare your faithfulness?
Sometimes my skin gets tight.
As the sun rises, I long for it to set!

Kattie O'Connell



The Fight

Stuck on just watching
Never doing
Never caring
Watch as they burn
You watch without thought
Yet always brooding
How can you brood without thought?
Is it yearning?
Do you wish to be inside that ring?
As they dance and strike
Gracefully brutal, brutally graceful
But you are motionless and unmoving
So stoic and resolved
You pose formidable in a fight
Yet you only see.
Is it adoration and loving?
Or perhaps a dream,
A dream fighting,
Fighting against might
Sweat makes movement and is moving
Your only movement thus far
Falling, falling, you do not notice
Fervent prayers reeling in your head

The bell rings, your face twitches
You wring your hands so tight
Like the dead rising from entombment
You come alive and begin your movement
Impatient shuffles, then your hands are roving
Mocking each swing
Caressing each jab
Contorting your face as the blows land
A statue now alive
Forever, forever undoing
All that you have stood for
With each swing
With all of your drive.

The bell rings
It is over,
Human form reverting to statue
You begin the process of molding
Like liquid steel poured into a vat
Your features turn to stone
The lines of your face deepen
Erect you stand, and then you turn and walk away.

Emily Keplar

Masquerade of Colors

Purpose without reason,

Love without passion.

You come to me now with your work of art --

Greens, reds, blues:

Green for envy

Red for the passionless love

Blue when you are down

Oh the assortment of the hues.

Never to be taken at face value,

Never to be taken for granted.

Always there,

Wishing your art was a dream,

A nightmare,

Ready to wake up

To find that real you, and

Not some artful fling --

When will your masquerade end?

Artfully hidden,

I, artfully taken.

Your art is my demise:

Be rid of your paints,

Be rid of your mask,

No more flashy hues.

Time for peace, it's our time for release.

Emily Keplar



The Kiss Under the Moon

The kiss under the moon:
Tender like a mother's love,
Soft as silk,
Frightening like jumping off a cliff,
Curious as a mouse,
Warm like a late spring day,
Sensual as red satin --
Innocent like the moon.

Dana Stanley

captivity

Armed, uniformed men marched in to the beat of the sound.
It all happened in just one day.
My life was changed forever --
Strict rules and regulations to follow
And crooked men to obey and honor.
I'm living in captivity,
Covered from head to toe
Not a smile or flesh to show.
I'm living in a world so cruel,
A world so blue.
I'm living in captivity --
Same routine every day,
Outer beauty hiding behind a veil,
Inner beauty afraid to speak.
With plenty to say
I'm living in captivity.
The thought of being human again
Makes me want to cry.
The thought of dying makes me want to live.
I live for freedom, humanity, and honesty.
Trapped in a cage and no place to go
I'm living in captivity

Rebecca McCauley



Longing for Daddy

Not knowing where to begin

Blinded by what I want to see.

The end is far from being the end.

Letting me down...

Time after Time.

I'm no longer a child, I've become a woman.

My father has become wiser.

Two decades and two years ago...

Longing for a relationship.

Insecurities about a man I loved

But through his actions, love turned to resentment and hate

And turned me away.

Resentments What happens when a child feels that her father doesn't love her?

Disappointments He chose drugs over our family...

Regrets... He chose to be gone for days at a time

Leaving four children and a wife when the druggin' was done.

I love my father, but not what he did to himself or to his family.

He tries to carry on conversations with us...

Some of us listen

While others curse.

This barrier is up,

The Berlin Wall.

One day, my family will be whole again.

Breaking down this wall...

Longing for Daddy.

Tiffany Evans-Stamps

Everything is Gray

Everything is gray-
the blinds are closed,
but a little light walks through the cracks.
The shadows cover things in black
and details hide from eyes prying.
Everything is still,
like in the eye of the storm

Michelle Fitzgerald

fear and uncertainty

Distant darkness,
Ever moving closer,
Filling hearts with fear.
A light flickers,
Pensively,
Wanting to glow bright.
A dreamer's dream falters,
Unendingly,
Searching for reality.

Sam Collins

in love we parted

In love we parted, not in hate or anger.
Yet my heart is sore knowing that I
will never see you again.
Though to some my love seems in vain,
It is to me as precious as any.
There was no life before you
And without you I cannot bear the thought.
Time has stopped, never moving forward or back,
Only staying in this moment.
Our time in the past is but a memory
And I cannot survive without you.

Kelly Mahaffey

A poem for politics

I can't figure it out.
Which one do I want?
The prodigy of the past.
Or the death of a future.
But I can't figure it out!!
There are two choices-
It is all so confusing.
Busch Beer Cheney
or Gore Bore
with whatever his name is.
I just don't know-
I figure it out,
but then I start over again.
The arrows move
in different ways.
Oh no!!
I've caused the re-count.

Helpless

I felt you drifting away during that very last day.

Daddy and I tried our best to help you stay.

It was your time; I know that I must believe,

But right now, that's not enough for me.

We were best friends (and still are, don't worry, Momma)

But I miss your smiling face and your touch that could instantly make me feel better.

All I want is for all of us to be together- our family - happy as always.

Not anymore, not in this world, but in a better life someday.

Watching you leave, knowing it would be any second,

Broke my heart to pieces; I could not bear it.

But I had to and I did, only because of the part of you in me.

I can't imagine my life without you, mom, how can this be?

You were there so long, I wanted to help --

But so helpless was I -- always there on the sidelines.

Always believing you were getting better and soon home you would be --

You did do that but not the way I'd planned.

I am not the creator -- so my plan is not perfect and

You are waiting for me, up there with God.

Down here, life is hard

Without my partner -- my guide -- my sweet, special mom.

These words are only a fraction of my complex emotions:

Mad - Sad - Weak - Strong - how much harder can this get?

How long can this go on?

Everyone wants to help - what can they do - I don't know where to begin.

I am just getting through.

You are my wonderful friend and the most amazing woman God ever created.

I hope I made your life better while you were here; You taught me so very much in nineteen years.

I just hope I can become the woman you were - I still can't believe you aren't here.

As long as we are apart, there will be emptiness in me.

You are by my side and in my heart - that's how it will always be.

Amanda Cain

The Artist, Self-Taught.

The Artist, Self-Taught

On the wings of salvation

I cling to this peace

I sweep off distraction

And comfort and sleep.

A need much like yearning

And yearn to be moved

With loving comes longing

A stand so well proved.

A night with a journey

Though destined to stay

No place to go really

But fierce need to play

With subtext and water

That turns into wine.

I sit very patient

And wait 'til we dine.

A food like plateau

A wonder and walk

A dream of sweet kisses

And soft pillow talk.

Who knows where we're going,

Not clear where we've been

I hope with sensation

That we've moved past then.

I'm feeling vivacious

And vibrant and free

Windblown and tongue-tied --

He did rescue me

But from what sweet castle

Did my prince descend?

A look just like longing

The means to what end?

I know what I've needed

I'm sure he'll provide

Though thousands of tragedies

Fall at my sides.

The new inspiration

Distraction from work

With his tender gaze

'Round the corner he lurks

And tries to invite me

To do what I must

To be what I should be

And my heart him entrust

I bleed into shadows

Not unusual, that.

I breathe while he's turned

Into space I've made black

I drift in and out

Of this new state of calm.

As I rest on his shoulder

My whole hand in his palm

The triteness of poetry

Written for love

Obvious, distinct

Shouted right from above

And he moves me to prayer

As though I never believed

Until he came to claim me

And make me received

I rhyme without reason

I write without thought

For my dear and sweet poet,

The artist

Self-taught.

Megan Brown

Winner of The Penny Poetry Award

Peace

Scraping across the fields of an ever-present past

Your words hurt like needles prick the skin.

Long-lasting tidbits

Slow pain over a period of time.

Each work I hope to be the last.

How did I stay so long?

Inadvertent fits

My only memories of it all.

Scathing problems

Endless pain

Doldrums...

Now more than I can bear.

Scared to turn away

I now know it will never end.

To stay would not be fair

There is only one other end.

An end

Freakish thing frighten me no more

Tormented by this revelation

Enthralled and intrigued.

I can finally see around the bend

Into another world of pain swept away

Lifted beyond all kinds of elevation

I reach my hand into this new world...and feel
peace.

Emily Keplar



the good times

Cold crisp air rests against my face
the time has come for you to leave.

Remembering all the good
wanting to forget the bad
trusting each other with countless memories

The nights we spent talking till the
sun joined our conversations.

How can I forget you?

The cries, the laughter, the pain
the excitement.

The visions and success we wanted to
partake together

Where do we go from here

The fight's not over, it's only
the beginning

May God find mercy upon our souls?

Blessing us with the earth's riches

The bags are packed and hugs are
exchanged.

Knowing we will meet again keeps
the tears from flowing down my
face.

When we return all things will be new.

New beginnings, new faces, old things
are pasted away.

Hoping for greater achievements and
new experiences.

Crystal Kinsey

Moonlight Shines the Window Through

Moonlight shines the window through
and its glow on your skin is cast.
Your eyes beautiful
shine in the dim light.
Under the sheet
long and gentle is your figure.
I feel your warmth next to me
and think,
I could get used to this.
Asleep - falling,
I watch your body rise and fall with each breath.
I wake to Golden Rays.
You are entangled in my sheets,
fragile.
I kiss your shoulder soft.
Wrapping you in my warmth,
I smile.
Murmur quietly you do.
I could get used to this.
Out of bed I climb;
your face I kiss down kneeling
before I leave you,
Beautiful...

Michelle Fitzgerald



Manhattan Sky

As the white smoke choked the
morning air,

The nation, the world, did not
stand and stare.

We banded together to try to
preserve,

To protect, to reflect,

And to observe

What evil angry men can do
when their hearts grow cold.

We search for hope to pull
through

And the ability, as a nation, to be
strong.

Still, here we sit,

A nation in mourning

Watching the world fall down.

No clear path to a happier day.

It all still seems a terrible dream

The towers still stand tall.

The pentagon did not fall.

The planes, they still fly high

In the unchanged Manhattan sky.

Terror fills the land tonight

As we wait for news of our loved
ones' plight.

We hope, and wish,

And dream out loud

That they will be home, soon.

But, day into night,

And night into day,

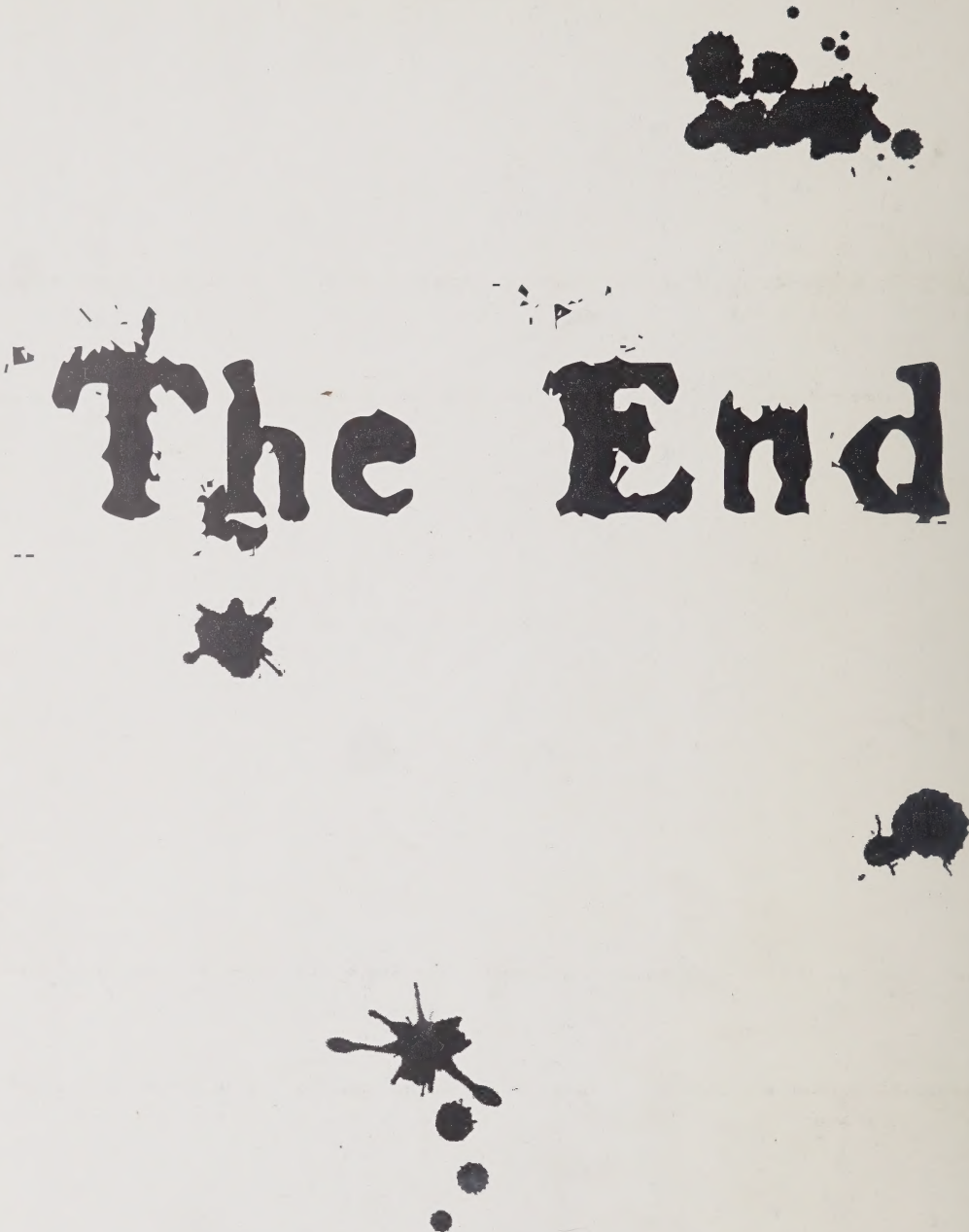
We silently pray,

And say our final good-byes,

To the souls high above

In the shattered Manhattan sky.

Samantha Collins

The page features several black ink splatters and stains. A large, irregular splatter is located in the upper right quadrant. Another smaller splatter is positioned directly below the 'The' of the title. A third splatter is on the right side, and a fourth, more elongated one is in the lower center. The title 'The End' is printed in a large, bold, serif font.

The End

Peace College